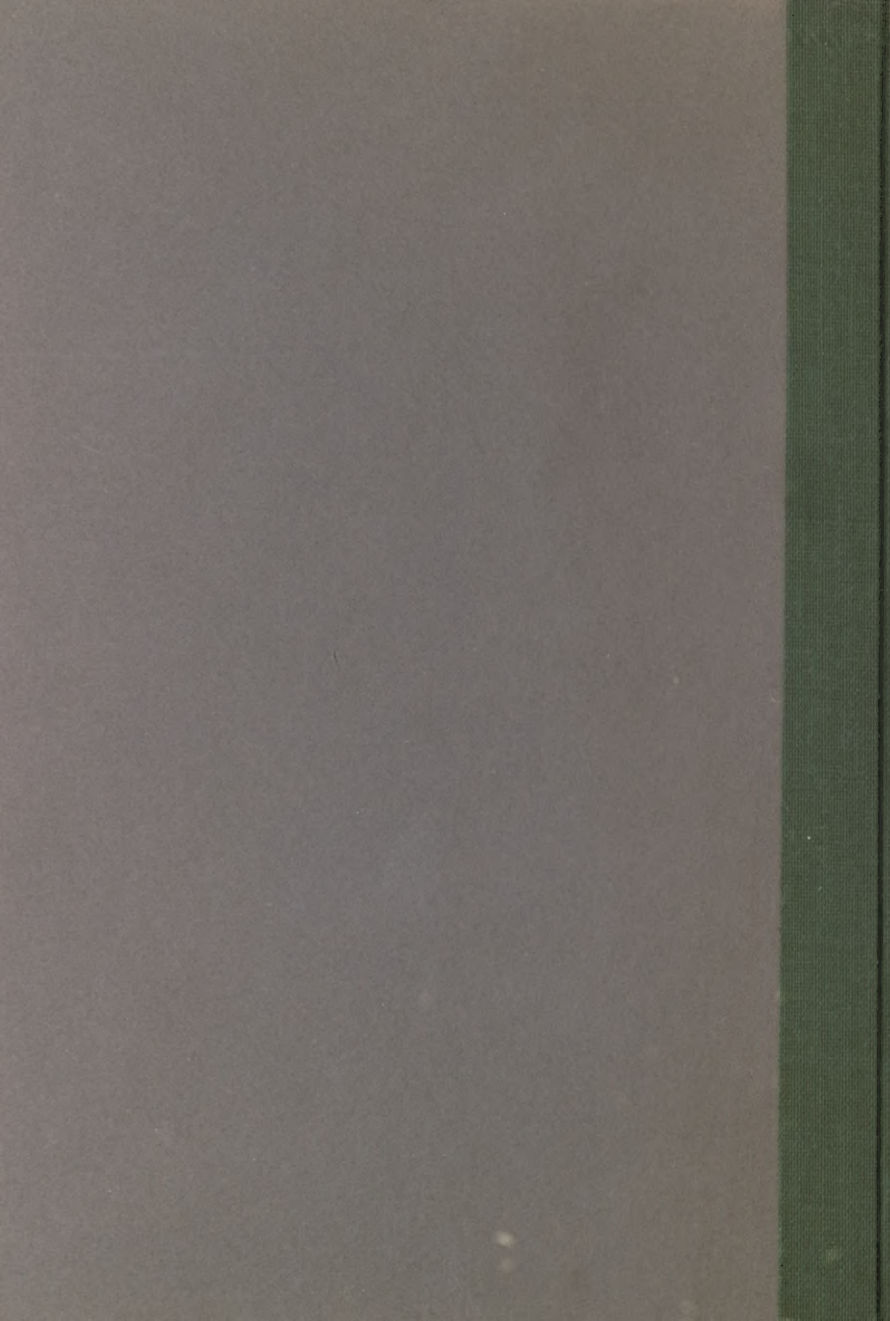
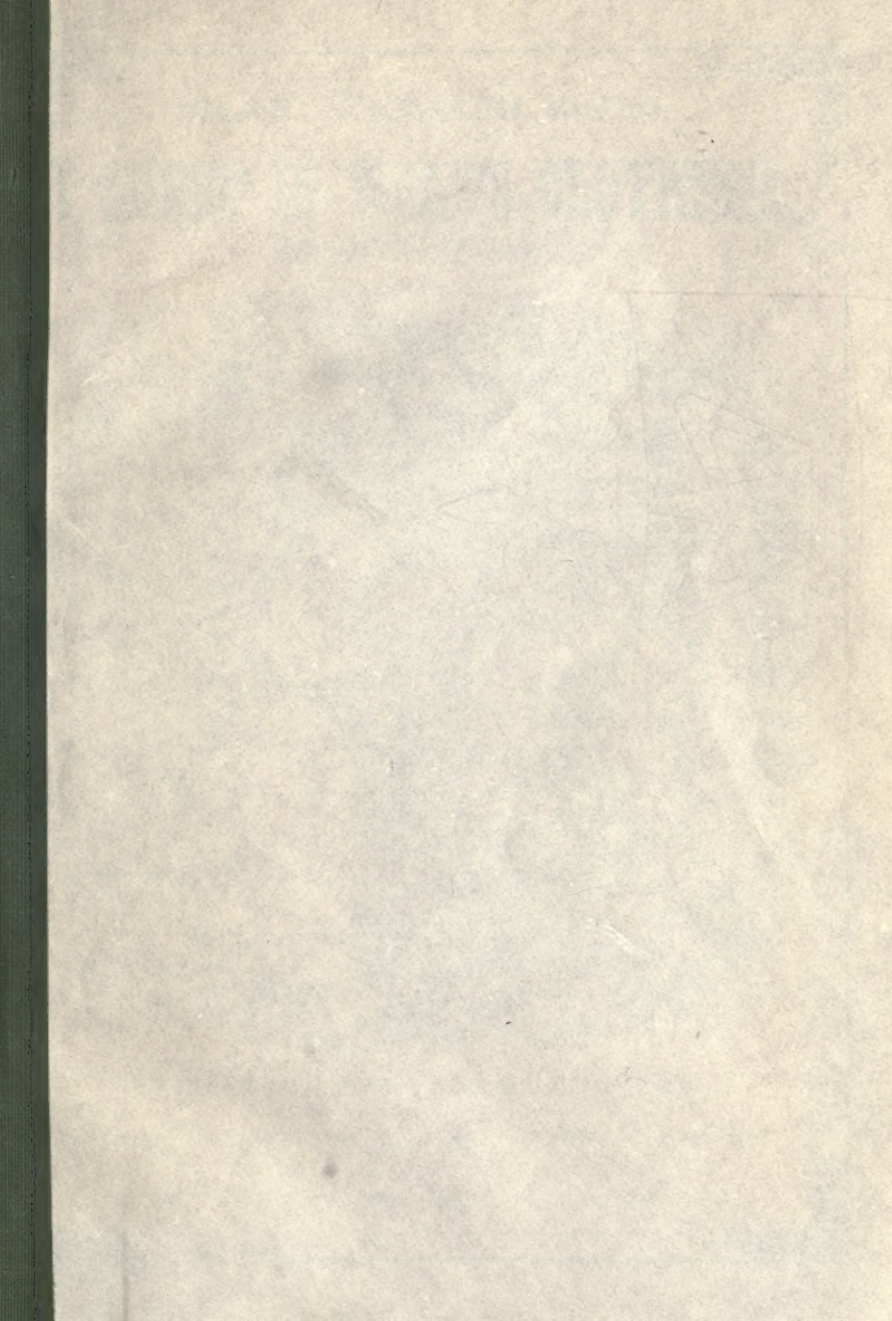
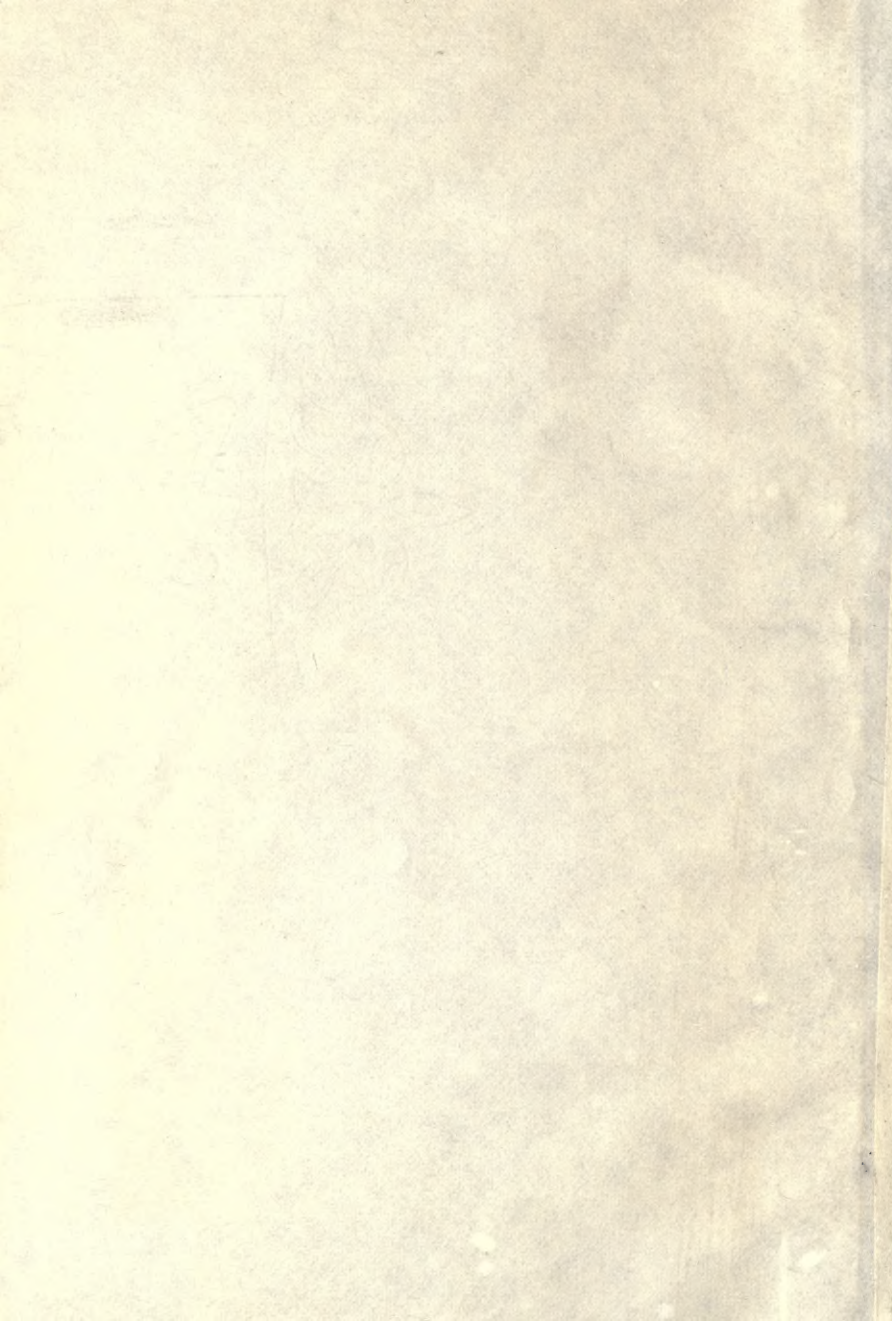


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BY TOM TAYLOR.



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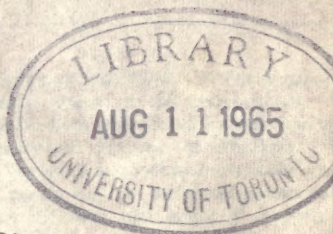
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A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA, IN ONE ACT.

BY TOM TAYLOR.

First produced at the Royal Olympic Theatre, on Thursday, February 19, 1857.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See p. 9.]

COLONEL PERCY KIRKE (Of Kirke's Lambs)...	...	Mr. Addison.
COLONEL LORD CHURCHILL (Of the Life Guards)	Mr. Leslie.
MASTER JASPER CAREW	Mr. G. Vining.
KESTER CHEDZOY	Mr. G. Cooke.
CORPORAL FLINTOFF } (Of Kirke's Lambs)	{ Mr. J. H. White.
HACK-TT	{ Mr. Franks.
JOHN ZOYLAND (A Locksmith)	{ Mr. H. Cooper.
ANNE CAREW (Wife of Jasper Carew)	{ Mrs. Stirling.
DAME CAREW (Mother of Jasper Carew)	{ Mrs. A. Wigan.
SIBYL (Daughter of Jasper Carew)	Mrs. Melfort.
KEZIAH MAPLETOFT (Servant to Anne)	Miss M. E. Conway.
		Miss Maskell.

TIME.—The Autumn of 1855. PLACE.—Taunton.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—One Hour.

1,055. Dicks' Standard Plays.

COSTUME

KIRKE.—Scarlet jacket, trimmed with gold lace, and full green trunks; breastplate; green vest, with gold open work collar; black boots and black hat with white feather; scarf, gauntlets, light ringlet wig and moustache, buff swordbelt and sword.

CHURCHILL.—Scarlet jacket and full black trunks; breastplate; white cravat, buff boots, hat and feather, pink scarf round the waist; gilt lace swordbelt and sword; gauntlets; ringlet wig and moustache.

KETTER.—Plum-coloured jacket, and full blue slashed breeches; small cloak, white collar, red wig, blue stockings, buff shoes, black hat.

JASPER.—Brown jacket and full breeches; ruffles; leather belt and buckles; black boots, trimmed with white lace, red heels, collar, dark ringlet wig and moustache.

FLINTOFF.—Scarlet jacket; full green breeches; stockings and shoes; black hat, collar, breastplate, swordbelt, and gauntlets; helmet.

HACKETT.—Ditto, with musketoon.

ZOYLAND.—Brown full breeches; buff jerkin, with red sleeves; red woollen cap, leathern apron, blue worsted stockings, russet shoes.

ANNE.—Amber silk, trimmed with blue and white lace; full ringlet.

DAME.—Black velvet train; hood; gray hair, plain.

SYBIL.—Black dress; hood; full ringlets; sash.

KEZIAH.—Drab skirt, trimmed with pink and black; pink body; black shoes; white cap trimmed with black.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. RC. C. LC. L.

. *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING.

SCENE.—A Chamber in the House of Jasper Carew, hung with tapestry. An antique press, practicable, c., with a false back and a side that works on a pivot. Window, L. F.; door, L. 2 F., to Anne's room; fireplace, L. 3 E.; door, R. 2 and 3 E. KEZIAH discovered polishing the press, c., KESTER, L., with a basket on his arm, and two or three broadsheets in his hand.

Kester. (L., Reading aloud, in a broad Somersetshire dialect.) "Last dying speech and confession o' Reuben Cottle, o' Mendip, Miner, hung at Tannton the 27th day of July last past, vor High Treason."

Keziah. (R., Crying.) No, no, Kester, I can't bear it.

Kester. Zo'ee doan't want to hear any more, doan't ee? (Folding up the paper.)

Keziah. I can't bear it; but I want to hear, Kester. Do 'ee read 'un, do 'ee now.

Kester. (Reads.) "Zhowing as how he was twice hung up and twice cut down—(Keziah groans)—and di-mally quartered, being yet alive—(Keziah shudders)—and the lamentable copy of verses found in his breeches pocket.

"Now all my loving countrymen,
Do you your ears incline,
And be warned against high treason
By this sad vate o' mi' e.
To follow the Duke o' Monmouth
It was my vonl intent,
Wherefore unto the gallows tree
I lawfully am sent."

Keziah. (Interrupting.) Poor lad; poor lad! he's the nineteenth this week that Colonel Kirke has sent to the gallows.

Kester. Yes; and if Jacob Boulter's caught, he'll be the twentieth; and I wish Jacob Boulter was caught—zo I do!

Keziah. Oh, Kester, how can you be zo cruel?

Kester. I bean't cruel; but you love Jacob, Keziah, and zo I hates 'un—a vonl thief. He vollowed King Monmouth, and they do say, Keziab—(looking sharply at her)—he's a-hiding hereabouts.

Keziah. Hereabouts, Kester, with Colonel Kirke and his Lambs in the town—hanging and quartering—and watching all the roads that not so much as a mouse can pass without questioning? Jacob's not such a vool!

Kester. But I'm on the look-out. I've eyes o' my own, Keziah Maplettoft—and ears too.

Keziah. And where do 'ee mean to poke 'un in ze arch o' Jacob?

Kester. That's my secret. (Drums heard without, L.) Hark! there go zome o' Kirke's Lambs—(goes to window, L. F.)—with another rebel, to the zig-post o' the White Hart. Zarve 'em right, the Whig varmint!

Keziah. Oh, Kester, how can you zay such things? You that have eat the bread of the Carews since you could handle a hay-fork, and your poor dear master a Whig and a fast friend of King Monmouth's—bless him—and killed dead on Zedgemoor Vield not two months gone! (Crying.) You, that I zaw throw your cap up for King Monmouth in this very town when he marched through from Bridgewater. Ah, you men! you men! Women doan't change zo!

Kester. Doan't 'em? Look at missus, a two months' widow, and has forgotten her husband already, and smiles on Colonel Kirke himself for all the world as I've zeen 'ee on Jacob Boulter. They do zay she'll be Mistress Kirke before the six months is out. Noa, noa? I bean't changevul. While master lived I was a dutiful lad, and vollowed master, and now master's dead I'm a dutiful lad, and I follows missus.

Keziah. More shame for both of you! As for Colonel Kirke—he's a thievin', murderin', blood-suckin' villain—so he is!

Kester. (Interrupting.) Hush, woman—hush! You're enough to hang the whole hoase vull of us!

Enter COLONEL KIRKE, R. D. 2 E.

Keziah. Don't talk to me! I'd like to zee Colonel Kirke here, I would. I'd tell him a piece o' my mind.

Percy. Out with it, wenob! Here's Percy Kirke, at your service—or any pretty lass's.

(Keziah screams, and runs out, R. D. 2 E., covering her eyes with her hand, Kirke dodging, as if he wanted to catch her.)

Percy. (R.) Ha, ha, ha! (To Kester, who stands L., trembling.) Now, clodpate! what art shivering for? A stoup of sack, bumpkin! And say to Mistress Anne that Colonel Kirke waits to make her his coupliments. Right about face—arch! [Exit Kester, in great terror, L. D.] I've had

enough of this shilly-shally work. Percy Kirke is not used to sap and siege with the petticoats—'tis sound trumpet, short parley, and surrender with me. But, foregod! this west country widow puts me to my *congés*, and my compliments, and my dainty behaviour, like any Whitehall courtier.

(Sits, r. c.)

Re-enter KESTER, L. D., with a tankard.

So, you sheep-faced rogue! Set it down. I marvel a well-affected lady like Mistress Carew should keep such a whay-cheeked, Puritanical rascal about her. A rank Whig, I'll be sworn!

Kester. (L.) Not I, sir. Long live King James, and confound all Whigs and Monmouth men!

Percy. Easy to say that, with the White Hart sign-post yonder, and some of my fruit hanging on it. What says thy mistress?

Kester. She will come anon, your honour; and meantime commends to you this tankard. She hath zet her lips to it.

Percy. (Rises.) Here's a health to the King—(drinks)—and a strong rope and a short shrift to all traitors! (Gives tankard to him.) Go back to your mistress, and tell her I would speak to her on business touching her late husband's estates—that the justices of Eyre are come to the town to receive presentments for forfeiture of the goods and lands of the traitors killed in arms against the King, God bless him! at Sedgemoor, and I fear much it will go hard with her dower. Say the matter presses.

Kester. I go, zir.

Percy. Stay, sirrah! Were you with those that found your master's body after Sedgemoor fight?

(Going up to him.)

Kester. Yes, zir.

Percy. How did you know it for his?

Kester. Why, the head was grievously marred with a shot, but I knew the coat, zir. There were letters in the pockets, too—

Percy. Where are they?

Kester. (Trembling.) I know not, please your worship.

Percy. You lie, knave—you have made away with them to screen your rascally friends! I've a good mind to put thee to the strappado.

Kester. Oh, zir!

Percy. Or tie a lighted match between thy thievish fingers.

Kester. Oh, good Colonel!

Percy. Or twist an inch cord round thy thick skull with a pistol-butt.

Kester. Oh, gracious Commandant!

Percy. Well, I'll bethink me which way I may best go to work with thee. Now, my message to thy mistress, March!

Kester. (Aside.) Here's a pleasant master to look forward to?

[Exit, L. D.]

Percy. (Taking out packet of letters, sits, r. c.) Here are the letters found on Carew's body. Cursed stuff! they implicate nobody except his silly self. Yes; I fear sorely the justices will hold the proof of identity complete, and so the broad acres, and this snug house, and the plate, and the wine, and hangings, and all the rest of the gear, go to King James, who don't want 'em, and leave Percy Kirke, who does want 'em curdely, with a dowerless widow. (Puts away letters, and takes up his hat.) I knew this Carew at Tangier, in the old time. Would the rogue had died before the action,

or fallen into my hands after it. He might have settled all on his wife before he was run up. But there is no justice in this world.

Enter ANNE CAREW, L. D. ⁹ E., preceded by KESTER, who crosses at back to r., and exits R. D. 2 E.

Anne. What's that, Colonel? No justice in this world, with Jeffreys on the King's Bench, and Colonel Kirke at Taunton.

Percy. Fair Mistress Anne, your servant.

(Bowing over her hand and kissing it.)

Anne. My servant! You? Lord paramount as you are over all our lives and liberties in this rebellious town.

Percy. Percy Kirke may command in all Taunton besides, but in this house he is Mistress Carew's slave—until she allows him another title.

Anne. What, of my legitimate lord and master? Softly, gallant Colonel. Though I have thrown off my sables so soon, yet one must observe appearances.

Percy. 'Sdeath! his Majesty should make all mourning for traitors illegal, especially for those of them who have loyal wives like you, madam.

Anne. Ah, who can tell what the wives of traitors suffer in times like these? But you pay me an early visit this morning.

Percy. Faith, it was near being earlier. I was afoot all last night on the quest after some of the Sedgemoor rogues who are hiding among your rascally town-folk. I passed before your house this morning just before sunrise. I drew up my Lambs under your window. Shall I tell you a fancy I had!

Anne. To give me a *reveillé* on the big drum?

Percy. To pay you a nocturnal visit on the strength of my general search warrant. What would you have said to the invasion?

Anne. It would have been a little too abrupt to suit my taste, Colonel. I hate surprises—even the most agreeable ones.

Percy. Odds blood! you must be prepared for them from me. I and my Lambs may have to pay you a visit one of these nights, if only to silence some of your slanderous neighbours.

Anne. I do not understand you.

Percy. Scarce a day passes but I receive information of rogues in hiding—in your house among the rest. At one time 'tis a man's shadow seen on the blind—at another the noises heard through the wall on your upper floor—the devil knows what, but mighty suspicious in any house but Mistress Carew's—a good friend of King James, and a better still of Percy Kirke's.

Anne. So! May I ask who dares vent such ridiculous calumnies?

Percy. Oh, some anonymous lady who envies you my favour. Good fortune will breed enemies, you know.

Anne. Doubtless! Or perhaps some traitor, anxious to impugn my loyalty—some of my late husband's friends! (Contemptuously.) You know in what esteem I hold them.

Percy. Do I not? Down to that pestilent old Whig, his mother, Dame Carew.

Anne. Who hates me, and all loyal subjects.

Percy. But I'll silence the praters!

Anne. How?

Percy. By searching your house through from

cellar to garrot, before their eyes, one of these days.

Anne. But such a proceeding would be very humiliating. I should have thought my well-approved loyalty placed me above the necessity of such a form.

Percy. There is but one way to put yourself above it. Accept the hand I have already offered. Percy Kirke's wife would be what Cæsar's should be—above suspicion.

Anne. Nay, would you have me accept your hand from such a motive—to avoid suspicion? I defy it! I thought you knew me better. Besides, as the widow of a forfeited rebel, I should be penniless.

Percy. Ah! devil take the forfeiture! If your husband had but survived the battle, he might have settled his fortune on you before attainer, and then he could have gone out of the world comfortably. Or, if we could but prove he did not die in the battle—if you could swear, on the presentment, the body was not his—

Anne. But what then? He must be proved dead, or I am no widow.

Percy. You have wit at will. Can't you devise a story? I would engage witnesses. My Lambs will swear anything for their Colonel; and Jeffreys is my very good friend—he'd strain a point to save your estates, if he knew he was saving them for Mistress Percy Kirke—that is to be.

Anne. 'Ware trusting woman's wit, or woman's will either, Colonel. (Sighs.)

Percy. You sigh! Is it at the prospect of our marriage.

Anne. Suppose I said 'tis at the delay?

Percy. Let me indulge that thought.

Anne. You're a vain creature! I know I shall spoil you. But when a woman has suffered as long as I have under a traitor and a tyrant, can you wonder that she should be anxious to escape? Don't attribute entirely to your own attractions my earnest wish to change the tainted name of Carew for the unsullied title of Mrs. Percy Kirke.

Percy. You don't mean to say you love me for my opinions?

Anne. You don't object to my hating my late husband for his?

Percy. Surely you would not compare him and me?

Anne. Compare you! not for a moment. Him, a tame Somersetshire squire, with no taste beyond his home, his horses, and his hounds—known only by his friendship for the rebellious Monmouth—and you, the loyal hero of Tangier, the pacifier of Taunton, the conqueror of the West, the terror of traitors—

Percy. Add "the adored of traitors' wives!"

Anne. I shall add no such thing—you are quite saucy enough already.

Percy. (Taking her hand.) You delicious creature.

Enter KESTER, R. D. 2 E.

Kester. Corporal Flintoff.

Percy. Plague on the booby's interruption! Well, rogue?

Kester. Please your honour, 'tis Corporal Flintoff, from the justice's—they crave your honour's attendance.

Percy. 'Tis for the presentments. I must go at once. (Aside to Anne.) I will keep Carew's pre-

sentments back awhile. Meanwhile, set thy rare wits to work. I will be with thee again as soon as I can dispatch these tedious fellows in horsehair and bombazine. Ah, the King should leave justice to soldiers. Farewell, sweetest of widows!

[Exit, R. D. 2 E.]

Kester. (Up stage, c.) I should ha' thought the Colonel had enough of that work as 'tis. Another rebel ztrung up to-day, missus. (Goes to window, L. r.) Look out—you may zee un dingle dangle, like a pair o' hose a-dryin' on the White Hart sign-post yonder. Ugh!

Anne. (R. c.) They have their deserts. Justice is pitiless, Kester.

Kester. Ah, and blind too, missus. Zo I'm zore avarid justice may be gettin' hold o' the wrong man one o' these days—of Kester Chedzoy, mayhap.

Anne. Of you, Kester? Nay, I think my influence with the Colonel can prevent that.

Kester. But I say, missus, put case a rebel were found in this 'ere house!

Anne. A rebel—in this house—sirrah! What do you mean?

Kester. In hidin'!

Anne. Explain yourself, knave! A rebel in hiding here?

Kester. For this week past I've been on the watch, and—

Anne. Speak out! What have you discovered?

Kester. Nothing—or I'd ha' been out with it avore this. But I'd wager my hat to a gallon of zider there's a man a-hidin' in this very house—and a hungry man too!

Anne. Your proofs! Your proofs!

Kester. There—in that ztanding cupboard. (Pointing to press, c.)

Anne. (Going up, c.) In this cupboard? (Opens it, after hesitation.) There's nothing here—see! (Coming down a little, L. c.)

Kester. (Getting across at back to R. of press.) Oh, yes, there is—there's a goose. (Taking it out.) I put un away this mornin'—he'd a pair o' legs on then—where be one o' 'em now? And this pasty—(Takes out a dish.) Leastways it was a pasty after breakfast, and it's an empty dish now.

Anne. But who would have dared—

Kester. I suspect—

Anne. No paltering, sirrah! Whom do you suspect?

Kester. Keziah.

Anne. Ha, ha, ha! You had better not spread such nonsense out of doors, Kester, or the accuser will be put on a par with his witness here—the goose.

Kester. But I've more witnesses than him, missus—I've my own ears. Last night, about twelve o'clock, as I was layin' in bed a-thinkin' over Reuben Cottle's last dyin' speech and confes-ion—him as was hanged last Wednesday, missus—I hears a zoft step, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat on the ztairs that leads to the garrets. I listens—it was too heavy for a rat and too light for Keziah. Zo I gets my pitchfork, that I always puts under my pillow for company like, and I lights my candle, and I zlips out, and just at the corner where the winding ztair joins the lanin'—taug comes one big vist a top o' the candle, and another big vist a top o' my yead, and down we goes—me and the candle—roley-poley to the bottom of the ztairs.

Anne. You must have been tipsy, Kester—or dreaming.

Kester. Dang it, can a dream trundle a yellow down a vlight o' stairs? Can a dream break a yellow's yead, missus? Noa—vistes is yacts, missus. Besides, Keziab's sweetheart, Jacob Boulter, was out with King Monmouth at Sedge-moor vight, and he warn't such a wool as to stay and g-t killed! I know Jacob's a hiding, and Keziab's a-hidin' on him—and Jacob's in this house, missus, as zure as my name's Kester Ched-zoy.

Anne. You have not told anyone of this?

Kester. Noa.

Anne. That's right. Your talking might put the traitors on their guard; watch, and if you discover anything, let me know—but not a word to anyone besides. (Crosses to R.) It is my duty to see that this house, at least, is not made a hiding-place for traitors. (Sitting, R. C.)

Kester. (L. C.) Oh, no veer o' their susp c'in' you, missus—thof they do zay it is like to go ill with good Dame Carew for aidin', abettin', and comfortin' King Monmouth and his men—for all she be your mother in-law.

Anne. I own no kin with traitors, Kester. Dame Carew hates me, as all know—nay, has she not taken my own child under her roof, lest I should rear her to detest her father's treason?

Kester. Ah, poor Miss Sibyl! I'll be sworn the old dame han't made her hate you yet.

Anne. (Aside.) My Sibyl! (Coldly.) How often have I told you never to mention my daughter's name to me?

Kester. Dang my wool's yead! But I can't help loving the pretty thing, rebel's blood as she is. I zeed her yesterday, missus!

Anne. Yesterday—you saw her? (Eagerly, and then checking herself.) Well, what of that? We are strangers now.

Kester. Zoa I told her when she ran after me in the street—bless her! "Kester," zays she, "why may I not go to see my mamma?" zays she. "And why does mamma not love papa any more—and me too, Kester?" zays she. That's the old dame's teachin', I'll be sworn! "Ask grannam to let me go back to my mamma," zays she—and then she did zo clasp her pretty little hands, and did look zo winnin' up in my veace, with the tears a swim—zwinmin' in her blue eyes, that—drat me, but mine was all a-zwimmin' too, missus.

Anne. No more of this, Kester! My child—and I—are parted. It is well, Dame Carew knows best. The child will learn to hate me in time, as I have forgotten her already.

Kester. She asked me to give you a letter. I couldn't abear to zay her nay, she prayed me zo hard like, and gave me a cyake she had in her hand, and I've yeaten the cyake, and zo I mun give 'ee the letter. (Gives letter.)

Anne. From my mother-in-law! (Hastily, then coldly.) Why should she write to me? We have nothing in common now. (Reads.) "An interview with her!" So! "She has reason to believe she will be arrested by a warrant from Jeffreys." Ah, no doubt she thinks my influence with Colonel Kirke may secure her means of escape. Go to Dame Carew—say that I respect her gray hairs—that I will receive her as one who once had claims on my regard, and not as the mother of a rebel—that my credit, such as it is, is at her service.

(Kester crosses to R. in front.)

Kester. (R.) Ah, that's loike yourzelf, missus! I knowed you'd be kind to the old dame, though she do hate King James so woundily. But as for the traitor that's a-hidin' in this house—

Anne. No mercy for him, Kester.

Kester. Trust Colonel Kirke for that, missus—if once we catch 'un! We'll keep an eye on the wittles, missus—you'll soon zee how they goes? Boulter always was a terrible vellow to yead.

[Exit, R. D. 2 E.]

Anne. At last! First let me make all safe. (Following him to the door, locks it inside, then draws the curtains across the window, and opens the cupboard, C., touching a spring; the back with the shelves revolves on a pivot, and JASPER CAREW appears from the place of concealment behind the false back of the press.) Come, my poor, dear prisoner! (L. C.)

Jasper. (Coming out s'iffly, and stretching himself as if cramped.) A chair, darling, for pity's sake! (Anne sets chair R. C. for him. He sits.) What a relief!

Anne. My poor love! (Tenderly.) How do you feel, dear, in your new hiding place?

Jasper. Uncomfortable—decidedly. But at all even's, it's a change from the horizontal to the perpendicular. In the hole under the tiles I couldn't stand up—here I can't sit down—it changes the pull on one's muscles. But you really must put me on short allowance, dear, for there's no room for fattening in my new coop, and I've a terrible appetite.

Anne. If we had only had a little time, we might have made everything comfortable for you; but after last night's adventure with that booby, Kester, you wouldn't have been safe for a day in the priest's hole up-s'airs. But you will be so rash! If he had recognised you!

(Reproachfully.)

Jasper. I'll back my fist to travel faster than his wits any day. The meddling rogue may rummage the garrets now as much as he likes.

Anne. Oh, it will be so delightful to have you here, close beside me!

Jasper. Locked up with the other pickles and preserves. If I may pun in my present predicament, I might say "jams," for it's a very tight fit, I promise you.

Anne. Ah, you can laugh! How I envy your light heart, love. I can but tremble.

Jas. er. Only think what a time I should have of it if I had not the gift of gaiety—boxed up day after day in the dark, like one of your old muffs, peppered and put away for the winter. No, let me laugh, my brave Anne, if you love me let me laugh.

Anne. Such laughter in the midst of our danger terrifies me.

Jasper. I dare say it sounds unnatural within hearing of Kirke's drums, and sight of his gallows tree. But you can't imagine, sweet, what an exciting sensation it is, after being flattened for half a day in a china closet, or plugged up in a kitchen copper, or trussed head and heels behind a chimney board, to have free use of one's arms and legs again. It's the most delicious thing imaginable. I do believe if Kirke himself came to march me out this minute between two files of his Lambs, en route for the White Hart, I should enjoy the fresh air so, that I should carry a broad grin to the halter.

Anne. No, no, my own love—no jesting on that subject. Who can say how soon your light words

may be turned to terrible earnest? Remember, your life is mine; your death would be mine also.

Jasper. (Tenderly). My darling! *(Rises.)* But we must make the most of our few minutes. What news?

Anne. (L. c.) Oh, much—so much—and so sad, I scarce know how to begin! The terrible Jeffreys has begun his bloody work at Dorchester—Dame Alice Lisle is condemned for sheltering Master Hicks, and your friend Nelthorpe.

Jasper. (R. c.) Condemned for an act of common humanity—to prison?

Anne. To be burnt alive, Jasper.

Jasper. The butchers! The cowardly butchers! But there is a judge above all. Go on.

Anne. Poor Christopher Batiscombe has suffered at Lyme. He was to have been married in the spring, you know, to Margaret Peverell.

Jasper. Poor girl! Poor girl!

Anne. She threw herself at Jeffreys's feet, to beg for mercy—he spurned her, the ermined ruffian, with a ribald jest it would soil my lips to repeat.

Jasper. And I hide here, and cannot help them! I might have died with them! Go on—more news, Anne, more news!

Anne. Jasper—husband—why should I madden you with this recital? The country reeks of death. It meets the traveller at every road side—poisons the air round every market cross—grins at the worshipper from over the church porch—and still, through tears and desolation, Jeffreys moves upon his bloody errand, worthily seconded by such ministers as the man who commands here, that ruthless Kirke.

Jasper. Oh, to hear such things, and to be able to lift no hand against them! Anne, there are times in my darkness and solitude that I doubt of myself—of Heaven—of all but thee.

Anne. Pray, husband, when those doubts come—pray hard! I live in prayer, now, always. What but prayer and love could hold me up under the cloud that lies so dark about us all?

Jasper. And my mother—she is well?

Anne. (Embarrassed.) Yes.

Jasper. They have not threatened her?

Anne. I trust not! She has written to say she would speak with me to-day.

Jasper. And Sibyl—our dear child! How is she? Have you heard of her?

Anne. (Hesitating.) Yes.

Jasper. She is not ill?

Anne. No, no!

Jasper. You hesitate!

Anne. No, no—she is well—but you always get so excited when we talk of her.

Jasper. Excited! It makes me mad, sometimes, to think I must not see her—not take her in my arms—never feel her sweet, soft hands round my neck, and her warm round cheek against mine, as I used to do. Oh, to be in the same town—almost in the same house with one's child, and to know she thinks you dead, and not to dare to leap out and take her to your heart. By Heaven, it makes a man's blood boil! Wife, there are times when I feel ready to give up all—to leave my hiding—to go out boldly and barefaced, and buy, with life—if need be—one hearty, happy moment in my child's innocent arms.

(Sinks into chair, R. c. Anne passes in front to his R.)

Anne. (R.) Jasper! Jasper! Darling, shall I tell you of a bitterer suffering? To feel that your

mother believes me unworthy of her son's love—untrue to his memory, and the cause he is supposed to have died for; and that she is trying to teach our Sibyl to think so too. And yet, sooner than risk your life, I am content to let your mother think thus of me, and to live apart from our child. You see, dear, we have both our crosses. Let us try and bear them patiently.

(During this, passes to his L.)

Jasper. You take the right way to reprove me, my brave wife! When I remember what you are bearing to keep this ruffian in hand till the heat of persecution is past, and we can effect our escape over sea, I feel I am a selfish wretch to complain. *(Rises.)* Come, only let us talk of our little one, and I'll promise to be as cool as a cucumber. When did you hear of her last?

Anne. (L.) Kester saw her yesterday, looking so pretty, he says, and do what your mother will, she can't make her hate me—I'm so glad of that! She can't understand why she's separated from me. Happy age! What is James or Monmouth, Whig or Tory to her? Only think, dear, she gave Kester her cake to bring me a letter.

Jasper. A little glutton as she always was, too.
Anne. That's just what occurred to me when Kester told me. How I envied him to have seen her—and spoken to her—and had her hand in his—and to think I must wear my mask—even before her!

Jasper. (R.) My good Anne, what must you be suffering? I'm weary of this! Be yourself once more. Live honoured by my mother, and looked up to by your child! What am I that you should sacrifice fair fame and filial love for me? A skulking coward, living a very rat's life here, betwixt garret and cupboard—useless—helpless—hopeless! And what if I escape? The cause I am pledged to is lost—the chief I honoured—the friends I love have laid down their lives on the scaffold! What is existence worth that we should both stoop so low to save it? *(Crosses to L.)* You to deception, and I to this degrading concealment! I, in my prime of strength, with a heart to feel convictions, an arm to assert them—with the noblest of causes, a conscience void of reproach—a nerve that never blanched, I tremble now, and turn pale at a step—a sound—a shadow!

Anne. (R.) Speak lower, for mercy's sake!

Jasper. (L., With increasing vehemence.) I dare not go to my mother's house, or take my child in my arms, because a town full of honest men quails and cowers before a handful of ruffianly soldiers! Oh, we are cowards—rank cowards, all of us!

Anne. Husband, you will be overheard!

Jasper. Let all hear me! I am tired of whispering! Let all see me! I am tired of concealment!

Percy Kirke. (Without, R. D. 2 R.) Halt! stand at ease!

Anne. (R.) Ah! Kirke! He comes this way! Hide! hide!

Jasper. (L.) I have bowed to the storm long enough! I will face it standing, though it break me. I am sick of skulking! Open the door!

Anne. Be it so! I, too, am weary of the hideous mask I have worn so long. Let us meet death boldly—and meet it hand in hand.

(She takes his hand, as if to lead him towards the door, R.)

Jasper. Hold, Anne! *(Kneeling to her.)* Forgive my selfishness! I will be a coward still to save you.

Anne. And I still wear my mask for you! He will be here! Quick! quick!

(She forces him into the press, and then unlocks the door, R 2 E.)

Enter KESTER, R. D. 2 E.

Kester. Colonel Kirke!

Enter COLONEL KIRKE, R. D. 2 E. Exit Kester, R. D. 2 E.

Anne. (L.) Ah! Colonel! at last! I was looking for you! What news from the justices?

Percy. (R.) Brave news, widow! They have deferred Carew's presentment on assurance that important evidence was forthcoming.

Anne. The first parallel won! That's the way you soldiers would put it, is it not? I must learn to talk like a soldier's wife now. Odds ravelins, counterscarps, and hand grenades! Shall I make a good campaigner, think you?

Percy. (Delighted.) Odds blood! you'd make anything. You have made a fool of me! But shall I not be rewarded for my good news? Come, one kiss!

Anne. Gently! gently, Colonel! If I begin by granting kisses before marriage, what shall I have to give after?

Percy. Pshaw! after or before—all's one! What signifies ceremony?

(He is about to take her waist, she starts away and retreats up c., and across back to E.)

Anne. Nay! how now, Colonel? You forget yourself?

Percy. (Following her.) No, widow! I remember myself! I've forgotten myself till now. Foregad! I've been good boy long enough. I will have a buss.

Anne. Help! help! (As the Colonel follows her, his back towards the cupboard, to her horror she sees that Jasper has half opened the door and is about to rush out. She suddenly stops, and bursts into a loud laugh. Kirke pauses in surprise, his back still towards the cupboard.) A truce, gallant Colonel! Promise me not to stir a step from where you are, and I'll tell you why I object to your salute.

Percy. (R. c.) I promise! Your reason, most provocative of widows?

Anne. You have not shaved this morning, and I've a mortal terror of bristles. Go home—shave—and then ask me!

Percy. But I must have interest for deferred payment—promise me two.

Anne. When you've taken one, it will be your own fault if you don't repeat the fire. There! you shall not say another word till you have mowed that stubbly chin of yours. I hate slovenliness—'tis a fault in a gentleman—in a soldier 'tis a crime! (Forcing him towards R. D. 2 E.) Now, right face! march! (He hesitates.) March, I say!

(She forces him out of the door, retaining her gaiety of manner until he is quite off, then shuts the door, turns the key inside, and, sinking down at the door, utters, faintly, "Safe! safe!" JASPER CAREW rushes hastily from his concealment, and catches her in his arms.)

Jasper. My noble Anne! my long-suffering wife!

look up, dear—'tis I—thy husband! (He leads Anne to c., and places her in chair, R. c., and kneels beside her.) There, the fluttering little heart is quiet now! The insolent ruffian! Your ruse was well timed, Anne; another minute, and I should have burst out. (Rises.)

Anne. Why are you so headstrong? I must find you another hiding-place where you will, at least, be out of earshot of what passes here.

Jasper. To hear his brutal jests—his coarse compliments to thy beauty—know thee exposed to his licentious lips, and not put my rapier through his carrion carcase! (Crosses to L.) And you—what you must have suffered in cajoling this Tangerine hyena!

Anne. And yet I am patient! You must own I play my part bravely.

Jasper. To a miracle! Did I not know thee for the purest and truest of women, I should judge thee a very cockatrice of coquettes. Thou hast got thy hook in the brute's snout, and with what a dainty hand thou wind'st him. Kiss me, my brave, cunning rogue, my true-hearted, long-suffering wife!

Anne. (Archly, rising.) We poor, weak, little women! There is some strength in us after all. Were it not for your danger, dear, I could almost enjoy my power over this mass of brute force and evil passions. I feel as a girl might who had tamed a tiger to be her plaything, half expecting every instant that his purr may change to a roar.

Jasper. Foregad, I believe you women would coquet with Jack Ketch—Anne Boleyn did so. Forgive me—I know what it costs thee to keep this ruffian in good humour. But what was that he said of forfeiture? I caught it imperfectly.

Anne. The justices in Eyre have met to receive presentments for forfeiture of lands and goods of all who have fallen in arms against King James.

Jasper. So, as my bones are supposed to be sleeping under the Sedgemoor turf, no doubt my name is on the list.

Anne. Yes, the presentments are making even now.

Jasper. Good-bye to the broad acres that have been the Carews' since the Conqueror. Good-bye, old house, where I first drew breath—where I played as a boy—whither I brought thee, Anne, ten years ago—where we have been so happy. Let them go! There's a heaven out of Britain! How will you brook exile, Anne?

Anne. (R.) We shall be together, dear. Kirke is sore grieved for this forfeiture—a little for my sake—much for his own.

Jasper. (L.) Devil thank him! If he didn't expect to wed my widow, he'd care little where my lands went.

Anne. He hinted that if proof of your death could be kept back this forfeiture might be averted, and pressed me to say I doubted the identity of the body buried for yours. If he guessed with what a clear conscience I could have sworn it was none o' my husband's—

Jasper. Swear it, wife—swear it, by all means.

Anne. But what perplexes him is, that if you were not killed at Sedgemoor, your disappearance must be otherwise accounted for. You know you must be dead, or I'm no widow.

Jasper. Of course I'm dead—that's admitted on all hands. The question is, where, when, and how did I die? If Kirke catches me, that doubt will be resolved in a trice. Meanwhile—eh! (Bursting

into a sudden and hearty laugh.) Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Anne. For goodness sake, lower! What are you laughing at?

Jasper. Ha, ha, ha! Such a capital conceit! Oh, if we could but manage it! Ha, ha, ha!

Anne. Manage what? I feel as if I could manage anything after my last two months' experience.

Jasper. Would it not be rare to make Kirke the means of saving the estates, and establishing an alibi for me, should I ever be charged with drawing my sword at Sedgemoor?

Anne. Oh, rare. But how is it to be done?

Jasper. The easiest thing in the world—a trifle of perjury—three false oaths or so!

(Placing two chairs on L. of table R. C.)

Anne. Perjury?

Jasper. Not ours, of course—Kirke's and any other two rascals he can find ready to damn themselves for him. He has a regiment of such.

Anne. Explain.

Jasper. You write as I dictate.

Anne. (Sitting at table.) Come, sit here! I'm ready. (He sits on the other chair beside her, and puts his arm round her waist.) No, sir! I can't write with your arm there.

Jasper. Yes! I'll be very good. Now begin! "Dear Colonel—"

Anne. Well?

Jasper. Bless your little hands! How they fly over the paper. (Kisses her hand.)

Anne. I'll sit farther off.

Jasper. No, please! This is so pleasant, after solitary confinement in the cupboard. You ought to make allowances for a hungry husband. (Putting his arm round her waist.) I won't then. Let's see—where were we?

Anne. Not begun yet—and every moment is precious?

Jasper. (Dictating.) "I have been thinking over all you have said of the forfeiture. I am ready to swear, as you suggested, that the body buried at Sedgemoor for my husband's is none of his. But this done, how are we to account for his disappearance?"

Anne. (Throwing down the pen.) Oh, Jasper! I cannot write such things! What must he think me?

Jasper. The wittiest of women, and the best fitted to be Mrs. Colonel Kirke. Harden your heart, nib your pen, and go on. "My husband—"

Anne. No, dear, "My late husband!"

Jasper. I beg your pardon. "My late husband was in Bristol a fortnight before the landing of the traitor, while your men were quartered there—" The blackguards!

Anne. (Re-reading.) "While your men were quartered there, the blackguards!" He won't like that, will he?

Jasper. "Blackguards" was an interjectional reflection. "You and your officers might have seen him there."

Anne. (Writing.) But they didn't see you?

Jasper. I say they might. "If he had embarked aboard the *Sheldrake*, which sailed on the 20th of May for the Low Countries, he would doubtless have perished with the crew and passengers of that ill-fated vessel—"

Anne. (Looking up.) Yes—but you didn't.

Jasper. If I had embarked, doubtless "I should have, &c. &c. &c."

Anne. (Re-reading.) "Ill-fated vessel—"

Jasper. "When she went down, off Lundy Island."

Anne. Lundy Island."

Jasper. Now sign—"Anne Carew."

(He rises.)

Anne. (Signing.) But I don't understand!

Jasper. Not the least reason that you should, dearest.

Anne. What is this story to do, Jasper?

(Rising with the paper in her hand.)

Jasper. (L.) "Open your mouth, and shut your eyes, and take what Kirke will send you." No more questions; despatch this to him at once, and leave him to act upon it.

Anne. And now, back to your hiding-place. Kester may suspect if he finds the door locked.

Jasper. Ten minutes more *ôte-à-tête!*

Anne. Oh, it is not that I would shorten the brief time we can pass together, but while we are here every minute is an agony of apprehension. You don't know what I suffer.

Jasper. Do I not know it? When I hold you thus in my arms I say to myself, "Perhaps it is for the last time!" And then I can't let you go.

Anne. Yes! When I take your dear head on my breast I feel so strong—oh, so strong to defend it—with my life, if need be!

(Sinks her head upon his shoulder.)

Jasper. Why these tears, dearest?

Anne. Because I love you. Oh, how I love you! (Footsteps heard, R. 2 E.) Hark! someone comes. To your hiding-place!

Jasper. If it were anywhere else! There's something so unheroic in a cupboard.

(He enters the cupboard, closing doors after him. Anne goes to door, R. 2 E., and unlocks it.)

Enter KESTER, R. D. 2 E.

Kester. 'Tis Dame Carew, mistress, come to give 'ee a piece of her mind, or I dun know what a vool weather 'ee is.

Anne. Bid her in, Kester. Say I am alone. [Exit Kester, R. D. 2 E.] I can trust myself with my husband's life, but her old nerves could not bear the strain of such a secret. It is hard to endure her contempt, but better anything than risk discovery.

Re-enter KESTER, R. D. 2 E.

Kester. Dame Carew.

Enter DAME CAREW, R. D. 2 E.

Anne. You are welcome, madam. Kester, this packet, with all speed, to Colonel Kirke.

(Gives letter to Kester, up R. C.)

Kester. (Aside.) Zoons! I'd sooner carry a bone to the town bear.

(Exit Kester, R. D. 2 E. Anne motions

Dame Carew to be seated, but she declines.)

Dame. (E.) You might have spared me this. Kirke's visits here are no secret, but methinks your love traffic with him need not pass before Jasper Carew's mother.

Anne. (L.) I am sorry my occasions cannot wait on your convenience, madam. May I crave the motive that has led you to seek this interview?

Dame. (L.) Be assured it is not my own griefs, or my own danger, that brings me here, though I

am warned by my friends that I am about to be arrested.

Anne. I grieve to hear it. But I cannot avert the course of justice.

Dame. Have I asked you? In prison I shall be amongst friends, faithful friends to me and the good cause—the cause for which my brave son died, and for which I do not fear to die. I come but to ask to what hands I am to entrust your child.

Anne. My child! I thought you no longer admitted my claims to be called her mother. You fear the contagion of my opinions too much to entrust her bringing up to me—you told me so when you took her from this house.

Dame. Unnatural! Have you lost all love for your child with the memory of her unhappy father?

Anne. You have undertaken to replace her mother. I leave her in your hands, though I might have wished her a more loyal guardian.

Dame. A loyal lady, truly! Brave loyalty, that dispenses with duty!

Anne. I will not bandy words with you, madam—we should not understand one another.

Dame. Enough! I have said all I had to say. Farewell, madam! May your unhappy child find some charitable soul to cherish her when I am gone.

Anne. (Breasting out.) Mother!

Dame. (Turning, and surpris'd.) Madam!

Anne. Farewell!

Dame. Unhappy one, I will pray for you! If I die in prison, I shall have strength to pardon you before I go hence.

[Exit Dame, F. D. 2 E.]

Anne. Oh, this is the sharpest trial! Not to dare to fall upon her neck & tell her all! No; I must bear to the end—bear to be thought pitiless to my own child! (She bursts into tears.) Hark! steps coming this way. I must not be seen thus. In these times we must turn the key upon our natural griefs, and weep but when the all-pitying eye of Heaven alone regards us.

[Exit Anne, L. D. 1 E.]

Enter KESTER, pale and agitated, R. D. 2 E.

Kester. Mistress! Mistress Carew! Not here! Poor old dame! arrested at our very door. (Looks out of window, L. F.) There she goes! Vour o' those bloodthirsty Lambs to take one old woman! They say 'twill go hard with her. I wonder if she ha' hid any o' the rebels? Lord a mercy! if Jacob Boulter be found in this house they'll say I comforted, aided, and abetted 'un, thof it were all Keziah's doin's! But vittles can't go without mouths, and vittles does go woundily. Jacob must be hidin' in side o' these doors! But where? Ecod, this cupboard! I've 'eard such thing as hidin' in cupboards. (Measures inside cupboard, C.) Let's zee—two voot in side. (Measures outside.) Three voot and a half outside. Durn me if there beant a valse back! Let's try 'un with a string! (Takes string from cupboard, and as he proceeds to measure with it, Colonel Kirke appears at door, R. 2 E., and stands watching Kester.) A valse back, as I'm a practical surveyor! Jacob's ere! I've vound 'un, as safe as ever I netted a rabbit!

COLONEL KIRKE enters, and goes up to him.

Percy. (R.) How now, sirrah!

Kester. (C., Turns, and drops the string in open-mouth'd terror.) Oh, lord a' mercy, Colonel! I didn't pnt 'im there—I never comforted, aided, and abetted 'im—never! I know nothin' about 'im!

Percy. Speak out, you sneaking rascal, or it will be worse for you!

Kester. (Coming down a little, C.) It's Jacob, zur! Jacob Boulter—a' vied from Zedgemoor vight, and Keziah hid 'un—and now I've vound 'un. He's aback o' the cupboard as sure as eggs is eggs.

Percy. So—another Monmouthshire fox to un kennel! I'll order up a couple of files to start the rascal! Hark ye, sirrah! If you stir till I come back, I'll string you up over a slow fire, like a side of bacon! (Going to R. D. 2 E.) And lock the door inside—see that no one leaves the room! Where's a locksmith to help us to the secret of this cupboard?

Kester. There's John Zoyland lives opposite.

Percy. Call him up! I'll station my men downstairs. (Aside.) Dev'lish disagreeable, when I had such ood news for the widow—and just after I had shaved—but she shall give me an extra buss for this discovery!

[Exit, R. D. 2 E. Kester locks door after him.]

Kester. (Goes to window, L. F., and looks out.) Oh! there's John Zoyland at his shop door! He's a-going out—I mun ztop 'un! (Calls from window.) Here! John! John Zoyland! Ztop up here, man, with thy tools—'at's the zide door, up the back ztaircase! That's right! here he comes! (Goes to door, R. 3 E.) This way, John! [Exit, R. D. 3 E. Speaks without.] I'll show thee the road!

JASPER CAREW enters from the cupboard, C.

Jas, or. Discovered! Lost! (Goes to R. D. 2 E.) This door locked—Kirke's sentinels below—that idiot out there! Where shall I bestow myself? Ha, my wife's room! (Crosses to L., and tries L. D. 2 E.) Locked, too! Ah, behind the arras. (Hides himself behind the arras hanging from L. F.)

Kester. (Without, R. 3 E.) Dang it, man, wilt be all day a-mounting?

Jasper. (Going behind arras, L. F.) My poor Anne! If I could but put her on her guard!

Re-enter KESTER with JOHN ZOYLAND, R. D. 3 E.

Kester. Now, look to thy tools, man! We mun vind somebody! He'll hang us, e'se.

(A knock at the door, R. 2 E. Kester unlocks it.)

Re-enter COLONEL KIRKE, followed by two soldiers, who remain in doorway.

Percy. (Crosses to C.) Soh! is this the locksmith?

Kester. Ees, Colonel—I've got un.

Percy. Examine that cupboard, sirrah! There should be a recess at the back!

Zoyland. (Opening the cupboard.) All right, Colonel! The shelves are loose at this end—the back must work on a secret hinge or by a spring.

Percy. (Closely examining.) And this side turns on a pivot to allow the shelves to move forward—I see it all.

Zoyland. We must empty the cupboard to get at the spring.

Kester. I'll help 'ee!

(*He removes the contents of the cupboard.*)

Zoyland. I've found the spring! No, I haven't!

Percy. Curse your springs! prise it open! Look for the rat when he bolts, my Lambs—if he tries to pass, spit him!

Enter ANNE, L. D. 2 E.

Anne. (*L., Aside.*) Oh, heavens! (*Aloud.*) How now, Colonel, what is this? Stop, stop! you're ruining my best standing press.

Percy. (*R. C.*) A thousand pardons, fair Mistress Carew; but we have grave work in hand—we are digging out a rebel.

Anne. (*Aside to him, coquettishly.*) Was it for this you shaved so clean?

Percy. Ah, 'tis cursed annoying that I can't claim my reward before these rogues!

Anne. Send them away! you shall have it! You got my letter?

Percy. Yes—a rare device! I've acted on it!

Anne. Tell me all about it! Get rid of these fellows!

Percy. But the rebel—

Anne. A rebel here! You surely can't believe such nonsense! Nay, Colonel, would you search your own house—for it is as good as yours, you know. Would you expose your wife that is to be to the foul suspicions of sheltering a rebel?

Percy. But it's not you that's suspected of harbouring him—it's your waiting-maid. (*To Zoyland.*) Bungler! you don't know your own dirty trade! Stand aside, and let one of my Lambs blow it open with his musket.

Zoyland. (*C.*) I've hit the spring, Colonel!

Anne. Merciful Heaven!

Kester. (*Up R., aside.*) How white missus is!

Zoyland. It's a clever piece of work; but I'll be master of it in a twinkling.

(*Anne grasps the back of chair, L., to save herself from fainting.*)

Kester. (*Aside.*) She's fainting! Oh, lord! if it shouldn't be Jacob after all!

Zoyland. That's the trick!

(*He opens the false back. Anne is about to rush forward. All press round.*)

Percy. (*C.*) Empty sounds!

Anne. (*L. C.*) Empty!

(*She gazes rapidly round. Jasper Carew shows himself from behind the arras.*)

Percy. You knew of this hiding-place?

Anne. Not I; but you have quite frightened me among you. I thought there really might be a rebel, and I am not at all easy yet. These old houses are full of such places. Suppose he were hid in the garrets or in the cellars. By the bye, I've heard there is a priest's hole under the roof—he may be there! Come, Colonel! now you have begun, we must search thoroughly. I'll go with you. I don't feel frightened with you beside me. (*Takes his arm.*) But you must promise not to leave me an instant. Nay, I shall hold you so tight. (*Crosses with Kirke to R. D. 2 F.*) *Kester*, you know the garrets—come with us!

[*Reënter Anne and Kirke, R. D. 2 E.*

Kester. Ees, missus—I'm a-coming! No, I bea'n't! Oh, Kester! Kester! what a villain you be, to be sure! 'Twasn't Jacob, after all. Poor dear missus! there was some friend of hers there, or she'd never a' turned so white. This was why

she let Miss Sibyl go to the old dame's. Mayhap he's hereabouts still! Holloa! Mr. Nobody, you needn't be a-ward o' Kester—I didn't want to hurt yeow! (*Sees Jasper's feet from under arras, L. F.*) I duunow where yeow bees, but you'd better cover up your veet. (*Arranges arras so as to cover them.*) Doan't 'ee stir—they're a-coming back.

Re-enter ANNE and KIRKE, R. D. 2 E.

Anne. Well, there is no one in the garrets! Now to search the cellars! *Kester* show the way, and unlock all the doors.

Kester. (*Aside.*) I twig! This way, Colonel—down the back stairs!

[*Exit with Colonel Kirke, R. D. 3 E., shutting door after him.*

Anne. (*R. C.*) Husband!

Jasper. (*Coming down, D. C.*) Bravely done, my own wife! We'll baffle the bloodhounds yet.

Anne. In my own room! They will not search there. Quick—before they return!

[*She hurries Jasper off into her room, L. D. 2 E.*

Re-enter KESTER, R. D. 3 E.

Kester. There! (*Looks at the arras.*) Master Nobody's walked his veet off. That's a comfort; I guess who 'tis now! This explains all missus's odd ways. The old dame and the young child couldn't ha' kept the secret as she ha' done! She's a brave lady, that she bees—I admire bravery, thof I don't practice it myself. I've left Kirke a thwearin', and his Lambs a' runnin' their bagnets into the empty casks. Who's there? (*Aside.*) Miss Sibyl!

Enter CORPORAL FLINTOFF, leading SIBYL, R. 2 E.

Flint. (*R. C.*) You're sure this is the house, child?

Sibyl. (*R.*) Yes, Mr. Soldier—this is my mamma's.

Flint. (*To Kester.*) Hark ye, fellow—

Sibyl. (*Crossing to C.*) Oh, it's Kester! Dear Kester, I've come back, and I'll never go away again, shall I, Kester?

(*As she crosses, her hood falls to the ground.*)

Flint. (*R.*) We've arrested the old Whig dame that had this little dame in charge—we had no orders to bag the cub as well as the old vixen. She begged hard to be brought here, and so I've brought her—and I wash my hands of her.

Kester. (*L. C., Aside.*) She mustn't stay here, or she'll zpooi all! (*To Flintoff.*) We don't want any young rebels here.

Sibyl. Oh, please, Kester, do let me stay—and tell mamma—take me to her Kester—dear Kester!

Kester. (*Aside.*) Darn her coaxing tongue. Noa, noa, Miss Sibyl, 'ee mustn't stay here—no, 'ee mustn't.

Flint. (*Looking off, L.*) Here comes Mistress Carew—I'll take her orders!

Re-enter ANNE, L. D. 2 E. Kester hides Sibyl behind him.

Anne. What is the matter, Corporal?

Sibyl. (*Aside to Kester.*) Mamma! Mayn't I speak to her? (*Trying to cross to her.*)

Kester. Noa! (*Trying to keep her out of sight.*) It's that young rebel, Miss Sibyl, missus. The

Corporal has brought her back from Dame Carew's.

Anne. Take the child back to where she came from, Corporal. No rebel's brood shall harbour here.

Sibyl. (Crying.) No, no, mamma—dear mamma! Let me stay with you!

Anne. (Struggling with her emotion.) Take her away, I say—I own no traitor's child! No words—away with her. [Exeunt Kester and the Corporal, forcing Sibyl off, R. 2 E.] My darling! My poor darling! a moment more, and the mother's heart must have spoken! Ah! (Snatches up the hood dropped by Sibyl, and covers it with kisses.) My poor child! My sweet Sibyl!

SIBYL re-enters at the door, P. 1 E. She watches her mother a moment, and seeing her kiss the hood, she rushes in, leaving the door open behind her. Anne embraces her.

Sibyl. (.) I knew you loved me all the while.

Anne. (E. c.) My angel! my pet! my sweet one! (Kissing her convulsively.) Yes, yes, yes!

Sibyl. I'll be so good, mamma, if you will let me stay with you. I'll pretend you don't love me, if you tell me. I knew I should come back to you, and I could never believe grannam, when she said you were cruel and didn't love me or poor papa.

JASPER CAREW rushes in at door, L. 2 E.

Jasper. Flesh and blood cannot stand this! I must have a hug, if I die for it. My own Sibyl!

(Catches her up in his arms and sits on chair, L. c.)

Sibyl. Papa—papa! you're not dead! Oh, we shall all be so happy!

Jasper. The darling! Forgive me, Anne—I couldn't resist the sweet voice!

At this moment COLONEL KIRKE appears at the door, E. 3 E., and stands watching.

Anne. Go—go, Sibyl, love! Not a word to anyone you have seen your papa—the wicked men will kill him if they know he is here. It was that made me let you go to your grannam's. But you are a great girl now, and can keep a secret.

Sibyl. Oh, yes; I won't tell the cruel soldiers—not if they kill me!

Jasper. She has a man's heart, like her mother—the darling! (Kissing her again.)

Anne. Leave her! leave her! You may be discovered! Kirke is still here! (To Sibyl.) Tell them I sent you away, darling—that I don't love you. (Leading her, c., towards door, E. 2 E., sees Kirke up stage, R.) Too late! too late!

Percy. (Coming down, E.) So! A pretty family picture!

Anne. Mercy! mercy! — (About to kneel.)

Jasper. (Coming down, c.) Don't stoop to pray to him, Anne! He has no pity!

Percy. (E.) Right there, Jasper Carew! Above all—not for her husband!

Anne. (L. c.) Yes; my husband! To save him I have listened to your odious addresses. Enjoy your triumph! The scaffold will clear my memory! I can die with him, as I have borne bitterness, worse than death, to save him.

Percy. So, I have been rarely befooled, but you shall pay dearly for it. And if I have made an ass of myself, Jeffreys will forgive me when I bring him two heads instead of one, and one of them

such a pretty one. I shall live to see you a widow still, fair mistress! (Calling off, R. D. 2 E.) Now, sirrah! tell Corporal Flintoff to march up a complete file with loaded muskets! Jeffreys is your safest widow-maker, after all! Now, why do you rascals tarry? (Stamps his foot impatiently.)

Enter KESTER, E. D. 2 E.

Kester. (Announcing.) Lord Churchill!

Enter LORD CHURCHILL, shown in by Kester, and followed by KEZIAH, E. D. 2 E. Kester and Keziah cross behind to L.

Lord C. Before you abuse your men for not obeying orders, Colonel, best be sure you have a right to give them.

Percy. (E. c.) My Lord Churchill! I am glad to see your lordship.

Lord C. Scarcely, I think, when you know my business. Here are my orders from St. James's. (Gives paper. Percy reads.)

Percy. Dismissed from my command! So, this is the reward of my good services here!

Lord C. I thought you had rewarded yourself already, out of west country plunder, Colonel. His Majesty is weary of your bloody work—one Jeffreys in a county is enough. I am sent by his Majesty to tell you so—and see your successor installed in the command.

Percy. (E. c., Sulkingly.) We shall see how my Lambs will take this.

Lord C. (E.) My Blues will keep your Lambs from bleating.

Percy. (Aside.) Curse his coolness! At least, I will not go without my revenge here. Before I leave you, my lord, I commit to your hands these traitors—Jasper Carew, charged with bearing arms against the King at Sedgemoor.

Sibyl. (U, L. c.) No, no!

Percy. And his wife, Anne Carew, charged with aiding, abetting, and comforting him in his treason. Dame Alice Lisle was hung for less.

Sibyl. (Crosses to Percy, and pushes him.) You naughty man! (Crosses back to Jasper.) This is not my papa!

Lord C. (Crossing to E.) Pardon me, Colonel, but there must be some mistake here. Jasper Carew was drowned in the wreck of the Sheldrake, in May last, a month before Sedgemoor fight. His estates are safe—I brought a copy of the record with me, that I might have the pleasure of presenting it myself to Mistress Carew.

(Bowling to Anne and giving her a paper.)

Percy. (E.) 'Tis a rascally lie!

Lord C. (Pointing out the statement on the record.) The fact is put beyond doubt by your own oath, Colonel, and that of two of your officers, who saw him on board the Sheldrake, at Bristol, before the ship sailed.

Percy. (Aside.) Curse my fool's head—and the perjured rascals who swore so readily!

Lord C. I do not know this gentleman, madam, but I presume he is a servant of yours.

Anne. A true servant, my lord.

Lord C. We are sending a ship to Colonel Skelton, at the Hague; my powers enable me to offer you a passage aboard her for your family and servants—you are free to choose your own followers.

Kester. (Coming down, L.) Take me, missus—me, and Jacob Boulter here. (Pointing to Jasper.)

This is Jacob Boulter, Colonel—Keziah's sweetheart. Speak out, Keziah—tell truth, and shame the devil—or the Colonel—'tis all one!

(Goes up, crosses at back and exit, B. D. 2 E.)

Keziah. *(Up L.)* Ees, it be Jacob Boulter, sure enough! Oh, my dear Jacob! I be so glad to zee thee again.

(Going to throw her arms about his neck.)

Jasper. *(Up L. C.)* What, before mistress, Keziah?

Anne. *(L.)* Oh! with all my heart.

(Keziah embraces Jasper Carew.)

Lord C. *(Smiling.)* You see, Colonel, this stout fellow is accounted for. Mr. Jacob Boulter, I congratulate you on your sweetheart.

Jasper. Faith, my lord, I believe never a man had a truer or a braver one.

Re-enter KESTER, B. D. 2 E. He crosses at back and down to L.

Kester. *(L.)* 'Tis Dame Carew, madam, zet vree by his lordship's orders here. *(Aside to Anne.)* She knows all, and won't scream when she zees naster.

Lord C. Pray don't let me prevent family greetings. I'm a domestic man myself.

Enter DAME CAREW, B. D. 2 E.

Anne *(Crosses to C. to meet her.)* Mother! dear mother!

Dame, *(B. C.)* My poor child! how cruel, how

unjust I have been to thee! *(To Jasper, with an effort.)* Young man, I am glad to see thee safe.

(Gives her hand to Jasper. He clasps it tenderly.)

Jasper. *(L. C., Aside to her.)* Bravely borne, mother!

(A clamour is heard outside, L., and confused cries of "Kirke! Kirke! Down with the Butcher!")

Lord C. *(B. C.)* What's the meaning of this? *(Looks off through window, L. E.)* So, Colonel, some of your Taunton friends have heard of your dismissal and seem anxious to condole with you. Won't you join them?

Percy. *(B.)* The ungrateful rascals! They'd tear me limb from limb! Perhaps you have orders to give me up to the bloodthirsty ruffians?

(Sulkily.)

Lord C. I have no special instructions to that effect; but if the mob should break into the house and find you, they may dispense with instructions.

Jasper. *(L. C.)* Colonel, the cupboard is at your service.

Anne. *(C.)* And I will promise to keep the secret. You know I can keep a secret, Colonel.

Percy. *(Sulkily.)* Wolf in Sheep's Clothing!

Anne. Who, I, Colonel? Nay—

Look at your Lambs—"Wolves in Sheep's Clothing," they—

Or, if the image must be shaped for me, "Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," is what I should be, All hate your mask, how they like my disguise, *(To audience.)* Do you assure us, with hands, lips, and eyes!

CURTAIN.

Disposition of the characters at the fall of the curtain.

ANNK. SIBYL. JASPER.

KESTER.

KEZIAH.

LORD C.

DAME C.

PERCY.

B.

L.



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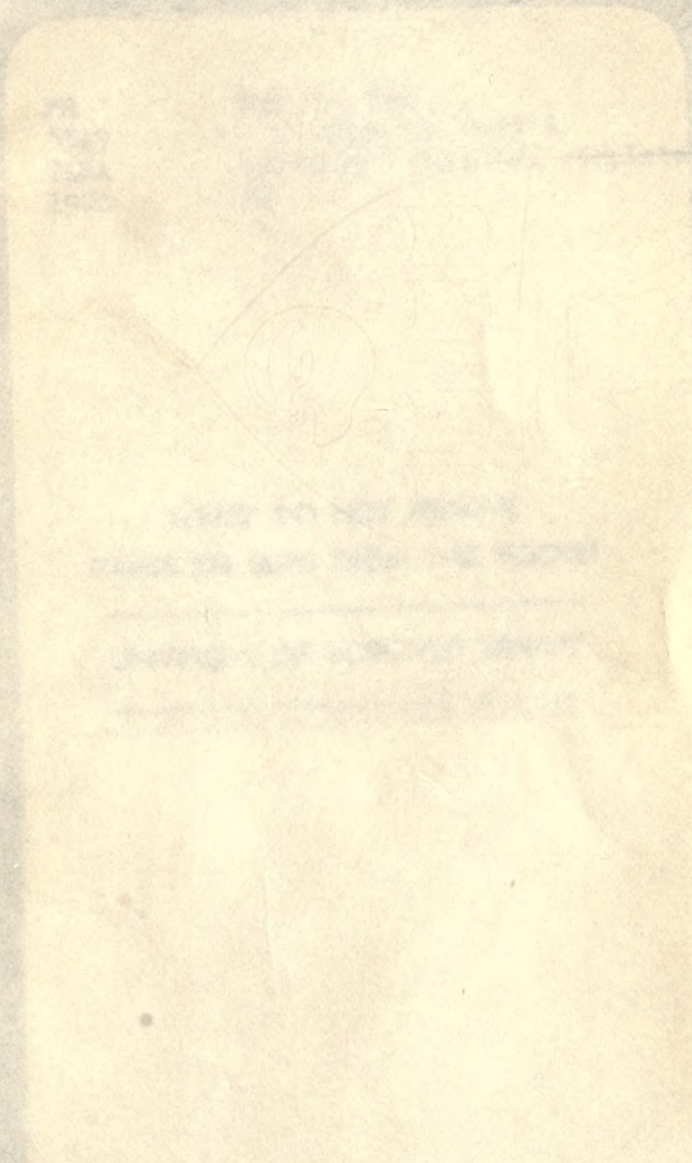
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